

A. C. Tolboe

By Bud Cooper

Part of CD 424-426

Following Mr. Coopers history he and his daughter Kathleen proceeded to tell me a story of a dear friend who was a long time resident in Myton.

Bud: To start the story off we'll go back to A. C. Tolboe. He was born and raised here in town and eventually wound up in Idaho. He came down to visit me and I went up there once to see him. We just kept back and forth. But, he'd come down every year.

Here about ten years ago he came down and a real good friend of ours lived below town, the Uresk family. Tony Uresk was kind of a buddy. He was sick with cancer. So, we went down to see him. While I was visiting with him down there somebody came along and had been over to Vernal and brought some Kentucky Fried Chicken over. We had a piece of chicken and visited a little longer. We took the chicken bucket with us, why, I don't know, but anyway we took it with us. On the way home, he said, "We ought to think of something to do to ole Tony to make him think a little bit and make him laugh a little bit." We got about half way and I said, "When we get up to your old store," and the Tolboe Store set up here a block on the corner where the pavilion is now. I said, "We'll put a sign in that window up there." He said, "What are we going to do?" I said, "Let's make a sign saying, 'The home of the new Kentucky Fried Chicken, now hiring.'" And, we put Tony Uresk's phone number on it.

So we got up here, and we made this sign and took it up and put it in the window. Pretty quick his phone I guess starts ringing down there, people looking for a job. The sign said, now hiring and had this phone number, but he didn't know what was going on. For about two days his phone just rang off the hook down there. Everybody was wanting to go to work for Kentucky Fried Chicken. Finally his wife went by one day and seen the sign and their phone number on it. The cat was out of the bag and they got figured out that it was a prank we were pulling on Tony.

So, then it was our duty to kind of keep something going. So, the next time he was down here, he stayed in a bedroom down here, he and his gal friend. When he went home about a week later I got a letter from him. He said, "Bud, sure enjoyed the visit. Thank you very much for the

hospitality, but I left my wallet under the pillow. Will you get it and send it to me? It has \$600 in it. Of course, I didn't buy that for a minute. I thought, "The poor guy, he left his wallet and we don't have it so he needs a wallet." So I made



this duct tape wallet here. It's made out of duct tape. I sent it to him, so he wouldn't be broke and put \$600 in fake paper money in it.

Kathleen: Dad had me make up business cards to put in it for him. It said: Seldom Seen Investments, A. C. Tolboe, Chancellor of the Ex-checker, and signed below, U Ben Stung.

Bud: Then we get a letter and this package back. He called me and said they wouldn't take this money, that the bank wouldn't accept it up there. I had told him when he called that times were tough down here. This was right before Christmas.



Kathleen: So awhile later we get a package in the mail. The front of it says: To the CEO of Duct Tape Incorporated.

Then it says in side: Dear Bud, Sorry I'm so late with your Christmas present, as you know the bank won't cash those bills, so I had to take a job ringing bells for the Salvation Army kettle pots. They don't pay until January. The girl at the bank said she thought you were hurting for money also so I'm sending you things you can use. Maybe you may have some old green stamps lying around to finish filling these books or somebody in Myton.



I



couldn't afford new Christmas cards so I found some old ones. It's the idea that counts anyway.

Hope the clothes fit; these were on sale and the only ones I could afford.



I'll have to hurry to get this in the mail as I am going to the neighbor's kids funeral. He drove his pickup off the road and into the pond. His five kids were in back and they couldn't get the tailgate down and they all drowned. Sad, very sad! A. C. p.s. If you find work, please write. So, then dad thought about it for a few months.

Bud: Kathleen had been down in Texas and she found this pair of men's shorts. On the back it said: 'Worlds largest gas supplier'. She brought that home, so we put that in a box and a bag of balloons and a bag of beans and sent it to him. I told him I'd buy all the natural gas he could produce so fill these balloons and send them back because I got a sale for every bit of natural gas I can get a hold of.



Kathleen: Here's the letter we sent to him, from Duct Tape Incorporated. Ideas to Last a Life Time: Dear Mr. Tolboe, I'm writing to you with a money making proposition that is sure to fly. As you know the price of natural gas is reached an all time high. I have a feeling that with your cooperation we can help ease the strain across the

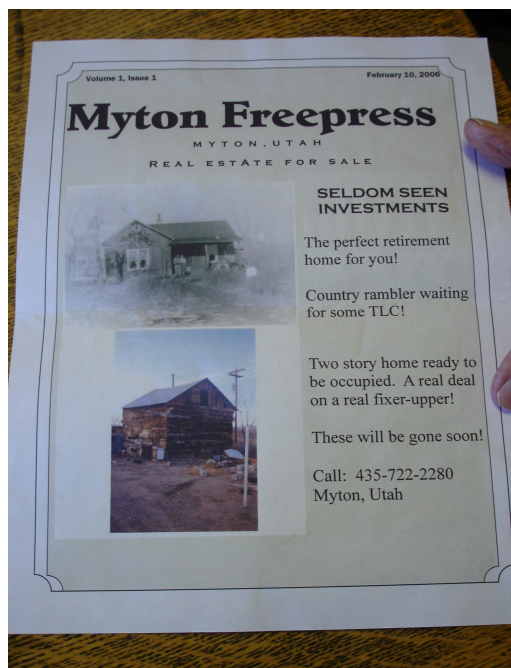
nation. It's a good stay at home business and the over head is small as you will see. Please see the enclosed starter kit.

We will accept all collections made as we currently have a buyer for all the product you can obtain. It is my belief that the price of natural gas won't drop in the foreseeable future so this will provide a comfortable income for years to come. Enclosed you will find some money to defray any expenses you may have incurred from the bank due to their inability to accept Utah currency. (They sent a fake \$100 bill) I hope you will be as excited about this low investment new adventure as I am for you. It beats ringing bells as that work is seasonal and natural gas is a year round proposition. We've also enclosed a new business card for you. Here's hoping you'll accept this deal as I'm sure you have a never end of supply their in Idaho. Best wishes, Haydon Cooper.

Then we sent this card with it: The Natural Gas Production, Producer of Natural Gas Extraordinaire, and put his name.

Kathleen: Here's his last one to us. Dear Bud, I bought a raffle ticket yesterday and I'm sure it's a winner so I've been thinking of buying a new home with the money from the tickets. I need your help to pick one out. Remember money is no problem. Waiting to hear about your choice. Your friend, A.C. Tolboe. p.s. I thought maybe the ones with nine bedrooms. I could rent the bedrooms out to girls going to the university. What do you think?

So he sent us this thing from Idaho with all the homes for sale. He had one picked out that he had in mind.



So daddy sent him back a letter saying: He thought that maybe he better keep the price down and this would probably be better for them. So we recreated a page from the Myton Free Press.

Bud: These are the old A.C. Tolboe ice house and an old home in Myton.

Bud: That was kind of the end, it run it's gamut I guess.

Kathleen: A. C. Tolboe died in the spring of 2007. Dad's still thinking of a way to pull a prank on him up there but it's too hot down where he went.

Bud: He is greatly missed, like a sore thumb!